The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

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The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

I suppose that all literary work is the expression of experience, but the proportion of recorded observations and of invention are infinitely various. Some naif young people have found excuse for the raffish life in the supposed need to sound the depths, but there is no reason to suppose that the best murders in fiction have been described by murderers. (*A. N. M. in Manchester Guardian.*)

υ λ

The most serious weakness of Christian Science is not its absurd philosophy nor its exaggerated claims to curative power, but its unchristian self-centeredness. It has no social gospel. It sends no practitioners to conduct free clinics in the slums, so far as the present writer knows. It has given impetus to no social or moral or civic reforms in its more than sixty years of life. (*Ralph W. Sockman, in Christian Century.*)

υ λ

The Eighteenth Amendment prohibits "the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof, for beverage purposes." When people demand that the Federal Government shall legalize the sale of beer and light wines, they demand that the Government shall legalize what the people in their Constitution have expressly prohibited. That is something which no honorable Government is likely to do. (*Christian Work.*)

υ λ

The Klan has one trait of Americanism. It's a genius at getting publicity. (*Greeley Tribune-Republican.*)

υ λ

The *Morning Post* speaks like a father—almost like a stepfather—to the Bishop of London for saying he is disappointed to find his flock no better after the war than they were before. The Bishop's admonitor seems to feel that it would be rather a pity if they were: it was rather a jolly old world before the war, with its immemorial stock of spite and cruelty and uncontrol: why want to change anything in a hurry? To others perhaps it may seem that, however beauteous and thrilling the human scene was, as a whole, in the early months of 1914, still there were points of behavior at which a good many among us might have shone more than we did. From that point of view the Bishop is not to be blamed for being sorry not to see people any the better in heart for having the garden-roller of war passed over them. If he has erred at all it was when he formed the hope that they would or could be. (*Manchester Guardian.*)

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

CATHEDRAL BUILDING

THE other day a member of the *Leader* staff climbed a hill, well toward the outskirts of the city of Washington, to see the crypt and a bit of the clerestory of the great Cathedral, to be twenty years in building and to cost fifteen or twenty millions. The task seems stupendous to the point of impossibility, yet who doubts that our children's children will visit it with no more sense of what it meant in labor, and much more in faith, than we feel when we visit St. Paul's or Notre Dame?

Our own proposal to build a worthy memorial to our dead, and a fitting symbol of our living faith, seems gloriously great to all of us, terrifyingly impossible to some of us.

The truth is that a Church, like an individual or a nation, becomes great by doing great things. To be able to think and act only in little ways is proof of one's own littleness. Lord Rosebery drove nearly all the parochially minded statesmen out of English public life by coining the phrase "Little Englanders" to describe those who could not or would not think of the British Empire except in terms of a selfish and self-complacent England. Our forefathers, from Murray and Sargent and Ballou on through two or three generations, gave themselves and their possessions to missionary work that created Universalist churches and institutions everywhere, in spite of bitterest opposition. Then came a time when we began to boast of our achievement and lessen our effort, and many churches that thought chiefly of themselves began to die of dry rot. Then came the awakening. The Japan Mission and Dr. Shinn's work West and South gave us a new sense of responsibility and a new consciousness of opportunity. The churches that responded lived a larger life, some of those that did not respond have ceased to live at all. Experience repeated itself in our recent campaign. Who knows a church that did its full share that is not itself stronger and better for the doing? But there were a few churches that said, "We must keep everything for ourselves," and some of them no longer have any self to keep.

Now in this new venture of faith and for faith there will doubtless be some of these little Universalists, and they must learn for themselves that law which says that "he that saveth his life shall lose it," but most of our people are greater and nobler than that and have learned that growing and giving are as inseparable in the life of a church as of an individual. We shall build our future or write our epitaph in Washington and Tokyo, even though we may never see either.

* *

ON READING NEWSPAPERS

HEADLINE hysteria is one of the worst American ailments to-day. The hysteria, however, is not always on the side of the press, for it is the citizen who thinks in headlines who does the real harm.

It would be expecting the impossible to ask newspapers, dealing with the greatest subjects in the world, from international affairs to extremely personal, human-interest stories, to make everything clear in the big black heads. Let those who charge the papers with misrepresentation take a great man's speech, the Ruhr situation, or a political campaign, and state the whole truth about it in eighteen to thirty-five letters, for that is the average length of a main headline!

Because a headline can not be a whole story is no proof that it is not highly significant. If people would stop treating heads as news and treat them instead as reading guides, the public would be more intelligent and the press would be more useful. If there is any place in the world to get tips on the most vital questions, a news room is that place. A reader can rest assured that from the vast amount of material that pours in over the wires and from the reporters' typewriters, the things that are sifted out for so-called scare-heads are those things occurring on that particular day which are likely to affect or interest the greatest number of people. And if anything has happened which is going to affect so many people it is any public-minded citizen's duty to be informed upon it, whether it be a murder, the decision of a prize fighter to turn evangelist, or a threat of war in Europe.

Facts and not opinions are supposed to appear in news columns. To be sure the facts are often biased, but there they are as a daily starting point. They are like a tip on the stock market. According to the paper read they will be good or poor tips, but in either case they are worth following up. Any one capable of taking a tip will accept a headline, never

to be quoted as the sum and substance of anything at all, but to be the lead for one's reading that day or that week. If the same subject is headlined for a week, he will look for more about it in the weekly reviews of news, in the religious press, in the financial bulletins, in any and every source of information available.

The subject may not always appeal to a reader, but if he follows headlines faithfully, by seeking information to substantiate or disprove them, he will be able at any time to diagnose the condition of his neighborhood, his country or his world. An intelligent headline reader is like a doctor who understands a pulse as a symptom, not a disease, and who looks for more information. A careless headline reader is the dangerous amateur who thinks the pulse is the whole disease and thereby throws his patient into a panic. A person who condemns and therefore ignores headlines is like the boob who does not even know that the world has a heart and pulse which need attention. Thinking people, conscientious people, such as those in the churches are supposed to be, can do much good now, when no one knows what any day's news will be, if they will help to stabilize public opinion by being thoughtful and conscientious, and not superficial and careless, in their use of daily headlines.

E.B.

* *

OVER THE TOP

HOW anxiously, tragically, familiar that phrase became during the World War! How happily and proudly we heard it during our own triumphant campaign for a million dollars! Now for the first time we hear it again in terms of the campaign for the Washington church and the Perin Cate Home.

The report has just come to headquarters that our church in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, the home of the president of the General Convention, has raised its full quota in the campaign. Ariton, Alabama, led the whole denomination in securing its allotment—which by the way has already been paid in full to the Secretary of the General Convention—and now another one of our smaller churches has gained the distinction of being second on the Honor Roll.

Many of our churches have held back announcements until they could report the completion of their campaign. Recently information has reached this office that three of the largest churches in the denomination were only waiting to determine the character of their specific memorials before announcing that their quota was pledged or oversubscribed. One of the reasons why so many churches have talked so little is because they are doing so much.

* *

THE MINISTER

AS portrayed in the moving-pictures the minister is a simple-minded creature. His hands are usually folded in pious manner, while his clothes are absurd.

The real minister, as he goes about his tasks, is very different. He is a man, first, last and all the time. He is a man bent on serving his Master, the Christ. He is a man making the world better, bringing comfort into stricken homes, giving strength and inspiration to discouraged people, and keeping the ideals of Christianity before humanity.

Daniel Webster knew the value of ministers to the country. Arguing before the United States Supreme Court in the Girard College case in 1844, Mr. Webster said: "I contend that no literary efforts, no adjudications, no constitutional discussions, nothing that has ever been done or said in favor of the great interests of universal man has done this country more credit, at home and abroad, than our body of clergymen."

America needs more ministers. How tragic it is for the moving-pictures to give a wrong impression of this noble profession! Of course we can smile, but the fact is that every untruthful representation of the minister makes the task of recruiting the ministry more difficult than it ought to be.

H. H. N.

* *

CITIES OF REFUGE

PUNISHMENT imposed hastily and in anger results, to-day as throughout history, in frequent sacrifice of the innocent or in the imposition of penalties out of all proportion to the crime.

That vengeance might not be taken in hot blood without the accused having an opportunity to be heard, the Hebrews built cities of refuge. Thither a criminal might fly as to a house of detention. He placed himself under arrest. He rushed himself off to a station house.

Among primitive peoples, for example some of the inhabitants of Polynesia, the same system has been discovered, organized to minister to the same need.

Our courts, civil and criminal, are houses of refuge. Their processes, arrest, detention and trial; their physical properties, jails, station houses and court rooms; their personnel, judges, lawyers, and police officers—all make up modern cities of refuge.

Whoever seizes a criminal or alleged criminal, and prevents his seeking this refuge, men or mobs taking the law in their own hands, prosecuting officers who seek to railroad a man through, lawyers of defense who delay the processes of law, voters who fail to provide enough courts to insure speedy trials, each and all help destroy the city of refuge.

All who love humanity, all who believe in progress, particularly students of religion who hold to Christianity and students of politics who hold to democracy, should help keep inviolate our modern cities of refuge.

* *

The legislators are trying to make laws enough to cover every activity of man—and woman, too. It can't be done. The job of the Church is to make the heart right, and the mouth will speak and the hand will act in accordance therewith. The legislators will find enough to do to point the way through the wilds of difference.

* *

Why is it the high government official can violate the Volstead act with impunity, provided he is eloquent in his denunciation of the tramp who has unearthed a bottle of bootleg whiskey?

Following the General Superintendent

John Smith Lowe

MY last article closed with certain references to the advent of motion pictures in the Church of the Redeemer in Minneapolis. A few more observations will be of interest. Do the collections at these evening services pay the expenses incurred? If we include in the expenditures the cost of installing the apparatus the answer is no. Apart from this one item, the deficit, if any, will be small. Is the Church of the Redeemer stronger in the various departments of its work as a result of this particular type of Sunday night meeting? It is too early yet to determine results. Although a beginning was made last year, it came late and did not have long to run. This is really the first full season the experiment has been tried. The advertising value of it has been far reaching, especially because of Dr. Shutter's sermons and the circulation of them in printed form. It takes time for such an enterprise to produce fruitage in the terms of an enlarged constituency or membership. Some gratifying returns have already materialized in this respect and more will follow. It should be remembered, however, that the motive of the Church of the Redeemer in this experiment has been to give and not to get, to serve and not to be served. If gains come as a result of the service given that will be gratifying, but they will be incidental to the main purpose in mind, that of making the church the servant of the community.

The stay in Minneapolis was all too short. It was soon over and I was on my back east with a conference of ministers and laymen representing Greater Boston, on the National Memorial Church and Perin-Cate House project, in the City Club the next evening after my arrival home. This was the beginning of a series of such conferences in New England.

* *

Before telling the story of these meetings somewhat in detail, I am venturing to set down here some general observations. I am glad to report that in all sections of the country the National Memorial Church project commends itself to our people readily with the simple telling of the story. "I find my whole mental attitude toward this enterprise changed. I am for it strong." "I have been lukewarm mostly because I hadn't caught the vision and didn't understand. Now I am red hot." "I thought I was against it. I am sold to it absolutely." "I have believed in this thing from the first, but now I believe in it with enthusiasm and conviction." These are a few of the comments typical of the response made generally by our people everywhere when the story of the National Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate House enterprise is put before them. Let me give one more. "You don't have to argue about this proposition when you present it to your church. It goes on its own merits," said one of our ministers to me just after he had presented the matter to his trustees and they responded by taking two of the major memorials which will be given in memory of two great ministers of this particular church.

The magnitude of our task in the terms of the expense involved does not frighten our people for two reasons. First, no matter what the expense of the memorial in the Nation's Capital, we are all agreed it must be be sufficiently commanding to adequately represent us. Second, the sums raised by some of our local churches to-day are so sizable that the amount needed for both the Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate House appears negligible. One church in our own fellowship will spend on a new church and parish house $250,000 in the next few years. That is only $150,000 less than one-half the sum required for our two memorials. We are asking our whole denomination to raise only a little more than as much again for them as this one parish, composed of less than four hundred contributing families, is giving for its new plant. One Baptist congregation in the city of Minneapolis has raised $750,000 for a new church edifice with a parish house, or $100,000 more than our whole denomination is to raise for the National Memorial Church in Washington and the Perin-Cate House in Japan.

Viewed from those two angles our plans for the National Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate House are modest and the money we are to give is certainly not excessive.

* *

Since returning to New England I have held conferences of ministers and laymen from the parishes in the several states in the following places: Portland, Maine; Barre, Vermont; New Haven, Connecticut; Boston, Massachusetts; Concord, New Hampshire; Worcester, Massachusetts; New York City; Providence, Rhode Island. As these lines are being written I am preparing to leave for the last two meetings of this kind, in Chicago and in Muncie, Indiana.

The story of one is pretty much the story of all, and it will not be necessary for me to record here more than a few of the particulars. The attendance in most cases has been out of the ordinary. At the Maine meeting in Portland at Congress Square Church and later at the hotel by the same name, nearly every church in the state was represented by its minister and a layman. It was the occasion of the annual meeting of the Maine State Chapter of Comrades. There was a dinner at the hotel in the evening. Mr. E. S. Burlingham of Providence, Zone Chairman for New England, and National Transportation Agent for the Comrades in connection with the Providence Convention next October, made a great speech in ten minutes, telling about the virtues of Providence as a convention city. Just before I spoke all the lights were turned out, except the ones over the head table, and little Miss Priscilla Ruth Hunt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. E. Hunt, came forward and presented me with a beautiful basket of flowers, handsomely decorated with ribbon, with the compliments of the Maine State Chapter of Comrades. She then pulled on a ribbon attached to a curtain veiling something on the wall behind me. Up went the covering and we were looking at a large and beautiful painting of the Comrades' rosette. Before the conference had

ended a resolution had been adopted calling for the obligation involved in doing the whole thing, not merely a part of it, at once. "Give us our quotas and we will go and get them," was the comment.

* *

Just before the City Club meeting in Boston, Dr. Coons came to my office and said: "Before we go over to the dinner I want to pass on to you a few suggestions. The men want to know the details of the campaign; they want to know just how they are to do it. Then they want their quotas for the project as a whole. They don't want them for only part of it. They say, 'We have this thing to do and we want to do it all at once and not piecemeal.' " There was very little noise at the meeting later on. There was no blowing of trumpets, but a sober, calm spirit of interest and devotion were manifested which bore out the truth of the testimony given beforehand by Dr. Coons. Those present were not deterred in the least by the figures given out. They asked, on the contrary, if we had placed them high enough.

* *

The next two conferences were in Vermont and New Hampshire, at Barre and at Concord. Brother Fortier, the State Chairman, was on hand, and the credit for the attendance and for the response given belongs largely to him.

When you get up into these two states of Vermont and New Hampshire you are getting close to historic ground in the terms of early Universalism. It was in Barnard, Vermont, that Hosea Ballou did some of his early preaching. Vermonters never lost their love and admiration for Hosea Ballou because they differed with him, in some respects, as to his theology. Hosea Ballou, in origin, in early training and in character, was to Universalism what Abraham Lincoln was to American statesmanship. Some of the old settlers in the vicinity of Barnard take pride in showing you what is left of the old church in which Ballou preached. I set down here a few facts about this truly great prophet which we may review with interest.

In 1771, a year after Murray landed in America, one Hosea Ballou was born in Richmond, New Hampshire. His origin was humble, his early life was one of toil, poverty and scanty resources, both material and intellectual. He was endowed, however, with a remarkable mind and was by instinct a student. His studies along religious lines brought him around to practically the same theological conclusions that Murray began preaching in the new world the year before he was born. He broke with the prevailing Orthodoxy of his day and developed into a theologian of great scholarship and power. In 1805, when he was thirty-four years old, he gave to the world his "Treatise on the Atonement," the first "American book which embodied the outlines of the Broad Church theology, a religious classic, presenting an original, a simple, a natural account of the meaning of the gospel." He held pastorates during his lifetime in many places in New England, among them Dana, Mass., Barnard, Vt., Portsmouth, N. H., and finally in 1817 became the pastor of the Second Church in Boston, where he remained during the rest of his lifetime. He was one of the greatest men in the history of Universalism and laid the enduring foundation for the theology of our Church and for the theology of all those who think things through.

Vermont and New Hampshire Universalists have to be shown, but they are showable. They manifested keen interest and registered their approval with a pledge of support. At the Barre meeting, the women served one of the best suppers ever placed on the tables anywhere. In Concord, the Men's Club, all dressed up in long white aprons, served a supper in the new vestry of the church that rivaled the one at Barre, and that is paying the Concord men a high compliment. I here express to Mr. Skeels and the women in Barre, and to Mr. Niles and his men in Concord, sincere congratulations and appreciation.

* *

There was hardly breathing space between the Concord conference and the one for Connecticut at New Haven. For this gathering we were entertained at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Theodore Fischer, several of the women of the parish assisting in serving the supper. This was an evening meeting only, and there was no time for frills and very little for details, but the project was outlined in general terms. Those present, the minister and a layman from each parish, left no room for doubt as to the loyal co-operation of our Connecticut churches.

* *

The New York City Conference, under the auspices of the Universalist Club of the Metropolitan District, was held at the Army and Navy Club. General Chairman Ames, the president of the Universalist Club, Mr. Harold S. Hull, and Mr. Herbert Muller planned the meeting and it was well done, to put it mildly.

Mr. Muller, a skilled publicity man, a Universalist by inheritance and by conviction, and one of the livest wires I have ever met, deserves special mention, by the way, for his efforts. He invited the Senior Consul from Japan to be present and deliver an address. Illness kept him away, but the Senior Vice Consul was present to represent him. He made a speech about three minutes long that was a gem, in which he paid us a high compliment for the vision of our Universalist Comrades in building the Perin-Cate House for Young Men, remarking that it would promote the bonds of peace and brotherhood between Japan and the United States. The ministers and laymen from our churches in Eastern Pennsylvania were present. Dr. McGlauflin and Dr. Rose made brief remarks. General Chairman Ames presented a ringing resolution which was passed by a unanimous vote.

* *

The Rhode Island gathering, in Providence, is hardly more than history as these words are written. Mr. Hadley, the State General Chairman for Rhode Island, and pastor of the church that is to entertain the General Convention next October, presided, and introduced Mr. E. S. Burlingham, Zone Chairman for New England, who gave a sharp, snappy talk in which he challenged the Rhode Island churches to make a showing in the Memorial Church and Perin-Cate House Campaign, in anticipation of being counted in strong when the Convention meets in Providence.

Rhode Island churches, two of them at any rate, have a problem. The Woonsocket people have just subscribed over $80,000 for the erection of the new church and parish house. My old church, the Church of the Mediator in Providence, is also raising a large amount of money for a new church. They will do the best they can for the National Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate House. Let it be remembered that both the Woonsocket Church and the Church of the Mediator in the Million Dollar Drive in 1919 raised their full quota for the denomination and at that time delayed their raising of money for their new churches that they might be loyal to the Church as a whole. In spite of these handicaps, Rhode Island churches will not be found at the foot of the list when the honor roll is called in Providence next October. When I left the meeting I carried with me a beautiful bouquet of pink roses. All I could learn about them was that the Rhode Island Comrades did not intend to allow the Maine Comrades to treat the General Superintendent better than he is treated at home.

Front Porch Studies

THE mocking-birds are here. As a matter of fact they have been here some time, but it is only when they are singing that I recognize their presence. Of course they are flitting about now and then, but not until nesting time do they tune up for the most glorious chorus nature knows, and nesting time is now here in this sunny land.

Each morning we are awakened by a dark grey bunch of feathers perched on the topmost branch of an avocado tree in the middle of our garden, where, swaying in the breeze, he pours forth a flow of melody that sweeps away all feeling of irritation at having our rest broken, and sweeps us into the land of harmony. Then when I come out on my front porch, there, balancing on the telephone wire, almost over my head, is another member of the dark grey feathered orchestra. It almost seems that he is waiting for me, for hardly am I seated when he begins to turn his head sideways, and flirt his long tail every way, and chirp a few soft notes, until I look up and whistle, and then —if you have never heard a bird laugh you have something to live for.

That little bunch of grey and white feathers goes into convulsions of laughter at that presumptuous human for thinking he can sing, and the little bird flirts his long tail until it is like a moving picture of merriment. It throws back its head, opens its little beak and emits a gurgle of contralto song, until it feels it has adequately shamed the poor mortal; then it tumbles off its wire and literally on a ribbon of song it slides away down into a bunch of honeysuckle.

There is a great deal of human nature in birds. My mocking-bird has hardly plunged from sight in the shrubbery before another and a smaller bird has taken his place on the telephone wire, and he represents a different type. Just to look at him it would appear that he is the most innocent of God's creatures, but to know him is to know in contrast the most cruel and baneful creature in the bird kingdom. He is little, but Oh, my! Jesse James was an angel of light beside him.

People call him the "butcher bird," and tell weird tales of his catching baby birds and impaling them on a thorn, and then feeding upon them at his leisure. I have not witnessed this gruesome process, but I have witnessed the wild excitement and fierce attacks of a flock of mocking-birds and cardinal birds and other peaceful members of the tribe upon this intruder, and I have to confess that he is a glorious fighter, however bad his cause. When half a dozen of his enemies pounce upon him, he never retreats. He simply turns his head like lightning this way and that, so that his razorlike bill always faces the foe, until finally the whole flock which would destroy him retires, calling the battle a draw.

Those birds are very like us humans. As they sing after the battle they seem to be pleading for a world fit for democracy, and government only by the consent of the governed, singing of peace, universal disarmament and the cessation of all war, and that God hath made of one blood all birds that they may dwell together. What a lot of self-satisfaction humans exhibit as they concentrate all their ideals on one of these phrases, which they do not believe a little bit!

Does any one suppose for a minute that the mocking-bird would last more than a generation if he consented to the government of the butcher bird? With all the wide bird-world big enough for all and offering food in abundance for all, can there be the first sign of democracy when two birds of different kinds want the same worm? And then where does the worm come in? Where are his rights, his place in the democracy? How are we going to persuade the mocking-bird to consent to disarmament as long as the butcher bird will not turn his sword into a pruning hook, without a miraculous change in his disposition?

There is a big pelican flying low over Biscayne Bay, with the big pouch below his long bill distended with fish. How are we going to get the fish to vote for universal disarmament of any of the finny tribe while the pelican scoops them from the surface of the sea? The cessation of war must begin back of laws. The legislature can never be effective until the Church has opened the way and provided the right man-material.

It is a beautiful thought that God hath made of one blood all the birds of the air that they might dwell together, but, in spite of its being Scripture, it is subject to qualifications. God has done better than that: He has made all kinds of blood, thick and thin, red and blue, and then given abundant room for all to develop in an infinite variety, and trouble comes only from the distorted internal disposition.

And in the world of man it is the same; there is room enough in the big world for all, there is sufficient to supply all our needs, as long as we mind our own business and do not want what belongs to the other fellow. Why should the butcher bird despoil the mocking-bird's nest of its young, when the world is full of big and little bugs for food? But then there

is the question, what about the rights of the bugs? What right is there to destroy them without their consent? Would it not be a good idea to go a little slow when we seek to retreat behind some of those high-sounding phrases to escape personal responsibility, and recognize that God made this world just about as He intended, and was pretty successful? In it are alternate life and death; life has its innings and is to make the best play it can, and then go out to take its place in the field while the game goes on.

Which reminds me that down here in this summerland of dissipation, where people lay aside about all their plausible and lofty principles, just to show the upward glances of their aspirations when they have a country governed by the consent of the governed, Mrs. A., wearing a stunning creation, entertained an exclusive set at bridge at the Flamboyant Hotel, where the stakes ran high and the hostess was the happy winner. The decorations were roses and the color scheme a light yellow. Punch was served, which enlivened the spirits of all.

Meanwhile, Mr. A. and an exclusive group of his male friends had a round of golf on the private links, and a champion posed and reposed and lifted a marvelously long drive of the small white ball, which never did him any harm, and, following it over hill and dale, finally landed it where he himself will land in the course of time—in a hole in the ground—while the admiring group loudly applauded and sent expressive flowers.

But I began talking about birds. Excuse the diversion until next time.

F. A. B.

Cruising Around a Changing World

XI The Approach to Japan

John van Schaick, Jr.

NOT one vessel have we sighted on the high seas in all this long journey of 5,500 miles from San Francisco to Yokohama, by way of the Hawaiian Islands. There would appear to be room enough on the ocean at least for both Japan and the United States. Only one storm have we had without and only one storm within the ship.

Those "gentle northeast trade winds" seem to have gone out of business this month. Last Thursday and Friday we had a fierce northwest gale, and the Pacific responded to it nobly with waves if not "mountain high" at least creditable. Besides, we had thrown out water ballast at Honolulu to increase our speed, and were so high in the water that we were tossed about considerably for so large a vessel. Last night again we pitched enough to lift the screw out of water.

A gentleman who called his wife to get down from her "top shelf" to see a whale got the reply: "Don't talk whale to me. When you have anything to say about chrysanthemums or cherry blossoms, I'll come."

With a bitter wind squarely in our faces, and with snowflakes in the air, it doesn't look as if we would see many blossoms when we land at Yokohama some time this afternoon. Said Burbank of Worcester, laughing, as we raced around the deserted deck, "I've come ten thousand miles to get Boston winter weather."

The storm inside came over the Japanese question.

Here we are, from thirty-four states of our Union, with sixty-seven Californians, and one hundred and seventy-four New Yorkers, with every section represented, and all shades of opinion. Into this heterogeneous company, the Rev. O. F. Bartholow, D. D., pastor of a huge Methodist Episcopal Church of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., projected his lecture on "Japan," and yesterday he presided at a "Discussion" of the lecture.

The propositions which Dr. Bartholow laid down in substance are these:

1. That the white race has no right to take an attitude of superiority or patronage toward the yellow race.

2. That, especially in dealing with Japan, the white man has no right to take a "holier than thou" attitude, for his own record won't stand investigation.

3. That the white race has been extending itself in the world, had reached China, and would have swallowed up Japan just as it has the Philippines, India, Indo-China and Africa if Japan had not roused herself, armed and prepared to defend herself.

4. That if Japan is militaristic she learned it from the western world.

5. That if she is dishonest commercially, she learned international trade from the lowest specimens of the white man, who "cheated the eye teeth out of her."

6. That when our forefathers were "eating raw meat off of a bone" Japan had a highly cultured civilization.

7. That the Four Power Treaty has paved the way for a better understanding.

8. That tourists going to Japan ought to go with an open mind to learn what they can, not expect things to be as they are at home, and take with them a spirit of good will.

9. That whatever other people may do, those who call themselves Christians ought to practise the Golden Rule with Japan as well as with other people.

These propositions won the enthusiastic applause of large numbers of passengers, but when carried out on deck were somewhat garbled.

For example, it was said that the speaker had asserted that dishonest Japanese commercial methods were simply a copy of American commercial methods. In fact, the assertion was that they were a copy of the methods of the lowest and basest traders, and especially those of early days. Probably the most ultra-patriotic American will have to admit that.

Then of course the California question came up. There are as many kinds of Californians as there are states in our Union. And what fine fellows most of them are! That they do not all agree, however, is indicated by the fact that in the recent vote on the Alien Land Act excluding Japanese from the right to own or lease land in California, 222,086 voted against the Amendment, some 400,000 did not take interest enough to vote, and 668,483 voted for it, making it the law of California.

One can not help sympathizing with these Californians as they describe how the Japanese multiply, and underbid and crowd out the white settlers of some of the loveliest valleys of the state. One can not help admiring the Japanese for their energy, ability, self-control and attention to business. One can not escape the conviction that, in the present stage of development of humanity, it is both wise and kind to keep different parts of the earth's surface for different kinds of people. But it seems equally clear that no law can long stand the test of American opinion which forbids American-born and American-educated citizens of any race from owning their own homes in our country.

In his "Asia at the Cross Roads," Powell asserts that to-day the Japanese of California own and lease but 1.8 per cent of her soil and form but 2 per cent of her population. That does not seem like a great menace. And if the "Gentlemen's Agreement" by which Oriental laborers are kept out of the United States is right, it is right also to apply it as intended, and not to harass, delay and humiliate cultured Orientals coming to study and travel in the United States.

Dr. Bartholow also quoted Alexander Powell to the effect that the question of Japanese exclusion is not a California question alone, for in the event of war between Japan and the United States, the entire nation would have to bear the burden of the war.

Certainly census figures showing only 111,000 Japanese in a nation of 110,000,000 people do not indicate that the Japanese are "swallowing us up."

One man honestly admitted that the reason he liked the Chinese and hated the Japanese was that the Chinese treated him like a superior and the Japanese as an equal. That is white racial consciousness at its worst.

Another story quoted on deck from "Asia at the Cross Roads" was this: "On a homeward bound liner, I met an educated and charming American woman who had been traveling in Japan. 'How did you like the Japanese?' I asked her. 'I didn't like them,' she replied. 'Were you ill treated in Japan? Did you meet with any discourtesy or injustice?' 'No,' she admitted with some embarrassment, 'I have no complaints whatever to make of the treatment I received. I found them universally courteous.' 'Then why didn't you like them?' I persisted. 'Well,' she explained, 'I just made up my mind before I went to Japan that I wasn't going to like the Japanese, and I didn't.' "

When the question of Korea was brought up at our "Discussion," by Dr. Lorenz, managing director of the cruise, to illustrate Japan at her worst, in the interest of naked truth I read this quotation from Harry Emerson Fosdick which I happened to have in my pocket:

> Will you have one example of the thing I mean? We have looked with agony and horror upon Japan's seizure and mistreatment of Korea. Consider, then, the history of the affair. Korea, as another has put it, is like a dagger pointed from the Asiatic continent at the heart of Japan, and the point is only one hundred and twenty miles away. In 1894-5 such was the chaos in Korea that it was a question whether China or Japan would take control. They fought a war over it and Japan won. And Japan, as other nations have been known to do, proceeded to consolidate her gains. She took the Liaotung Peninsula with Port Arthur. Then three Western nations moved. Germany, France and Russia sent a note to Japan to this general effect: "You may not seize the Liaotung Peninsula. Go home from the continent of Asia to your own islands." Japan, unable to resist that combination, withdrew from her new gains with bitterness of heart. Then the three nations who had forced Japan from Asia began to move on Asia. Germany took Kiaochow in Shantung; France demanded new rights in southern China and got them, and the paw of the Russian Bear reached out for the very peninsula of Liaotung which she had refused to Japan—reached farther yet across the Yalu River into Korea. Then Japan struck. You remember, our sympathies at that time were all with her. She struck for what she thought was her existence. And when Russia was laid low she listened to the Western nations no more. She thought that they were arrant hypocrites. She took Korea, and kept her, and she treated Korea rough!

I likewise cited a letter from Sherwood Eddy, who is now making a tour of the world and who was in Japan and Korea in the fall. In substance he said that when he came out to Korea in 1896 it was a corrupt and degenerate nation with a fickle, incapable emperor who had plotted to give Russia a port which would have insured her military control of the country and made a "spear point aimed at the heart of Japan;" that nobody can excuse the cruel rule of Korea by the militaristic party of Japan; that everybody must praise the present liberal rule; that Korea is far and away better off now than she has ever been, "with a new security she never knew under her own corrupt and grafting emperor and officials."

The discussion ended with good spirit all around, and in a few hours we will go ashore to see whether we have learned anything from our books or our friends about Japan, and whether we can learn anything ourselves.

We are a heterogeneous crowd—some of us drinking our way around the world, some dancing or card playing over every degree of latitude, some reading, some sleeping, some gossiping, and some mixing things up in due proportion through thirty thousand miles.

Some won't learn anything in Japan because they won't look, and some won't learn anything because they can't see. And we who think ourselves superior may see just what we think is there instead of the thing as it is. One thing is certain, that none of us will be there long enough to even scratch the surface of a great subject.

Mississippi Bay, Feb. 27, 1923.

Representative Universalists

VIII Mary E. Case

FEW persons have equaled the record of Mary E. Case for length and quality of service. After serving one church for fifty years she is now serving another, in the spirit of eternal youth.

Mary E. Waite was born in Cambridge, Washington County, N. Y., June 11, 1851. She received most of her early education in East Poultney, Vermont, in a school specializing in literature and music. At the age of sixteen she became a member of the Episcopal Church.

In 1869 she moved to Muncie, Indiana, and attended the high school. She united with St. John's Universalist Church in 1870, under the pastorate of Rev. Marion Crosley. In July 24, 1872, she was united in marriage to Lambert L. Case.

For the succeeding half century Mrs. Case was actively identified with all departments of St. John's Church and with the higher life of the city. Her record of fifty years as a teacher in the Sunday school was recognized by the dedication of a class of young ladies, under the name of the Mary E. Case Class. The Marion Crosley Mission Circle, of which she was a founder and charter member, and long-time president, has recognized her service by making her a life member of the W. N. M. A.

Mrs. Case was some time president of the Federation of Women's Clubs, and of the Woman's Club, of which she was a member for forty years. The W. C. T. U. also enlisted her services and gave her supervision of the children's department. The West End Bible Class, an interdenominational group of women, meeting on a week day, enjoyed her membership and inspiring leadership for many years. The Muncie Business Women's Association looked to Mrs. Case for instruction in parliamentary law. She was for some time a school teacher.

Thus in manifold ways, "always abounding in work for the Lord," Mrs. Case served her fellow men in church and civic life for fifty-three years.

In September, 1922, she moved to Indianapolis, where she is now teaching the adult Bible class in the Central Universalist Church.

Mention should be made of the fact that her husband was a member of St. John's Universalist Sunday school for more than sixty years, and a member of the choir for thirty-five years. He is now a member of the Indianapolis Sunday school and a member of the Universalist choir.

A grandson, Lambert Case, long a member of their household, is now a student in Ryder Divinity School, preparing for the Universalist ministry.

MARY E. CASE

Clara Barton Memorial Trees

THE National First Aid Association of America has set aside a day on which memorial trees shall be planted as a tribute to the memory of its founder and president, Clara Barton. The plan is embodied in the following resolutions:

Whereas, Clara Barton was the Founder of the American National Red Cross, which received its charter from the American Congress, and of the National First Aid Association of America, which received its charter from the District of Columbia—two humanitarian organizations of nation-wide recognition in services to humanity, and

Whereas, the name Clara Barton throughout the world carries the sentiment, Humanity, and a historical tree is the world's best teacher of sentiment and history,

Therefore, be it resolved, that April 12, the eleventh anniversary of the passing of Clara Barton, and annually thereafter, the said day of the said month shall be known as Clara Barton Day, the day to be observed by the planting of Clara Barton Memorial Trees in the

United States and foreign countries; that we further recommend that all educative and humanitarian organizations join with our association in thus doing honor to the memory of the world's greatest humanitarian.

Be it resolved that, especially in the interest of the youth of the present generation, and of future generations, such memorial trees be planted on state capitol grounds, county grounds, city squares and city parks, college grounds, public school grounds, private school grounds, church grounds, hospital grounds, club grounds, amusement grounds, as groves for shade and recreation, along avenues and other public highways and in private grounds where the trees would have the proper care and protection.

The idea has been developed and circulated by the Clara Barton Tree Planting Committee, of which the chairman is Charles Sumner Young, author of "Clara Barton, a Centenary Tribute to the World's Greatest Humanitarian." Response was immediate and widespread, and pledges to plant trees came from groups and organizations in thirty-nine different states, although this year is only the inauguration of the beautiful custom. On April 12, the anniversary of the death of Clara Barton, trees were planted throughout the country in memory of this woman who so greatly loved humanity.

In Boston a group gathered on the Common to plant the Clara Barton memorial tree, an American linden. After the Mayor had made a brief address expressing his appreciation of Miss Barton's unselfish and patriotic devotion, he introduced Mr. Stephen Barton, her nephew, who held up for the admiring inspection of the surrounding people the Red Cross pin which she wore all during the Franco-Prussian War, when she nursed foreign soldiers as she had nursed her boys in blue a few years before. And then one of the boys in blue, Commander Pratt of the Massachusetts Division of the Grand Army of the Republic, paid his tribute to her memory. There were two more brief speeches of appreciation, one by Mr. Wells, president of the National First Aid Association, and one by Mrs. Ella Long, former president of the Women's Relief Corps, and then the earth was filled in around the little tree and the crowd dispersed, those who had been faithful admirers of Clara Barton happy that her name had been honored, and those who had paused merely as curious listeners richer because they had been touched by the echo of a brave personality.

With simple ceremonies such as this many Clara Barton memorial trees have been planted this year and many more will be planted in the years to come. In California, a sequoia, the giant among trees, bears her name. A memorial tree was planted at Williams College, another at the New York Salvation Army Training College, another in Golden Gate Park, others on the Capitol grounds of several different states.

Old people will pause beneath these trees and remember the noble things which Clara Barton did. Children playing around them will spell out Clara Barton's name and ask eagerly who she was. And those who know her story and are wise will tell them that she was once a timid little girl, pitifully afraid of everything, thunder and strange faces and loud noises, and that she grew up to be a woman so brave that she walked serenely on the field of battle and ministered to the wounded and the dying while bullets tore her clothing and cannon balls struck the very men she bent above. And they will say that this was indeed courage of the highest quality, a courage won through bitter, agonizing struggle, courage not oblivious of but triumphant over fear.

The Disciples Talk It Over

By a Bleacherite

THE denomination—they call themselves a "brotherhood," and are rather punctilious about using the term—known as the Disciples of Christ maintains an institution called an annual Congress. It serves a splendid purpose, and other Churches might profitably follow their example. This Congress is described as "a national forum for the discussion of living issues pertaining to the growth of the Kingdom of God." Your scribe has reason to know that the description is apt and accurate. He has just attended the twenty-third annual meeting of this Congress, at Indianapolis, and learned much about things new and old.

It is a forum pure and simple. The constitution provides that no motions or resolutions relating to matters discussed in the Congress shall be considered. There be those who think that rule might be invoked profitably in nearly all religious conventions. Who ever hears anything more about the great grists of resolutions invariably and perfunctorily adopted, after the gavel has fallen and the delegates have gone back home? An avowed policy of the Congress is to co-operate with similar bodies, where arrangements can be made, but the Baptists are the only denomination specifically mentioned in this connection. It is conceded that this yearly meeting represents the liberal, progressive element of the Disciples' fellowship. There is another very strong element in that Church, but it was sparsely represented at the Indianapolis gathering the first week in April.

Dr. H. H. Peters, of Bloomington, Illinois, is president of the Congress, and two of his pungent sayings may be taken as fairly representative of the spirit of the meeting. "The only way to improve the future is to disturb the present." "Until our radicalism reaches every field of human need, it isn't radicalism at all, but camouflage."

Four main themes were stressed during the Congress, Christian Union, Evangelism, Education and Social Christianity. On all points the keynote utterances were bold and forward-looking enough to suit even so heteredox a listener as the scribe from the Universalist Church. On the subject of church union, Dr. Peters said: "I have contempt for names and tags. By whatever name it may be known, the next order of human society must be fraternalistic. There will be no place for the serf or slave. It will not be a society of wage earners, nor will humanity be an

orphanage presided over by a matron or a boss." Dr. Morrison, editor of our splendid contemporary, the *Christian Century*, speaking in the same strain, said church leaders since the war have mostly busied themselves mending their own fences which the war had partly broken down. Denominational differences were forgotten then. We had the feeling that they were matters of pale importance. "Then came the ideal and romantic dreams of Christian unity," continued Dr. Morrison. "We had the Inter-Church World Movement, which came to futility. It was the most gigantic ecclesiastical abortion we have ever known, a tragedy, which the next generation will know better than we do." The Rev. Homer W. Carpenter, of Richmond, Kentucky, made this challenging statement: "No man is able to think with the mind of Christ until he is able to think of the whole Church. The Churches must be led to see that only a pooling of Christian experience, that only collective leadership, that only the total truth possessed by all the Churches, can approximate the plan of Christ and meet the insistent needs of an hour like this."

On the subject of evangelism there was a significant evidence of sanity and constructive good sense. One of the delightful features of meetings like this is that it affords opportunity to see and hear men who have done big things and are able to speak with authority. One such man is the Rev. Stephen E. Fisher, of Champaign, Illinois, for nearly twenty years pastor of University Place Christian Church. Dr. Fisher has been honored with the highest office his denomination can bestow. He has built one of the great churches of the country under the very shadow of the colossal University of Illinois. He knows how to deal with young people of college age as do few men of our generation. So it was fitting that he should read the chief paper on the subject of evangelism. He declared that a church that does not do evangelistic work owes an apology both to the world and to God. Science, he said, had never made a saint, so the spiritual element must be added to every life, however learned. There is lack of aggressiveness, he complained, as he compared the Church to an army of occupation rather than of vigorous conquest. Speaking of the Sunday school as the greatest field of evangelistic effort, Dr. Fisher asked this somewhat startling question: "I sometimes think one can be too old to become a Christian, but can one ever be too young?"

In the educational field the Disciples are having the same troubles their neighbors are enjoying. Their colleges are dying for lack of money, and they are putting on big campaigns for increased endowments. Dr. Pounds, who is field secretary for this work, said, "Half of our colleges are on the brink of failure, ready to close their doors; the other half are just holding on." He is preaching the gospel of the tithe as applied to one's principal as well as income, urging people to make provision in their wills that at least a tenth of their estates shall go to the building up of the kingdom of God through church or school. It sounds logical, too.

Social Christianity proved the peppiest topic of all, and it called forth the most earnest debate. Very wisely the makers of the program had provided an hour and a half for discussion, following Prof. A. W. Taylor's address on "Social Christianity." How to make the social gospel work, was the big problem in most of their minds. They recognized the powerfully entrenched forces of economic privilege and injustice, and that these forces are too often in control of the policies of the Church, even to the extent of undertaking to muzzle the preacher. Democracy and the program of Jesus were stressed. And at this point the only discordant note of the two days of my attendance was sounded. One solemn looking brother, who was evidently quite in despair of these wild-eyed radicals, got the floor and admonished them that it was sacrilege to use the term "democracy" in any such connection. "Kingdom" was the word Jesus used, and kingdom he meant. We shall get nowhere till we acknowledge Jesus as king. "Monarchy," he declared, "is the ideal form of government, and it is coming to be recognized as such more and more every day!" Yes, he actually said it. And he believed it, too!

By way of practical advice, Professor Taylor laid down two rules for ministers to follow. Read more about the social gospel; get the best books, from Rauschenbusch down to Harry Ward. Don't break up your church by trying to go too fast, but keep the prophetic note in preaching always to the front. Be courageous, but not foolhardy. All intelligent action waits upon a knowledge of facts and conditions.

But the feature of the Congress that towered above everything else was the series of addresses by Joseph Fort Newton. Had it not been for that, probably one seat on the bleachers would not have been occupied. There is something profoundly significant in the fact that the minister of our most prominent Universalist church, and without doubt the most outstanding preacher of our generation, was called a thousand miles across the continent to deliver a series of addresses to a big representative Orthodox convention. But this is only one of scores of such instances. Dr. Newton told me at the conclusion of his last lecture that it was the sixtieth time he had spoken outside his own pulpit since the first of January. He must have a constitution of iron to stand up under it.

The four hours on which Dr. Newton spoke were the four mountain-peaks of the Congress. The big Central Christian Church always filled up then, though the attendance may have been sparse at other times. He gives one the impression of great power the moment he stands up to speak. There is something intangible, elusive, baffling about it; but it is as real as the sunlight and as incapable of analysis. For one thing, he always chooses great themes, themes that have challenged the master minds of all time. Then he handles them simply, saying the thing that is in all our hearts but which some dumb demon will not let us speak. And he clothes that high theme and that simple treatment of it in words of such elegance, pith and beauty that one is torn between reverence for his thought and sheer wonder at the glow and sparkle of his phraseology.

The first address was on "The Gospel for Today." "Each age," he said, "has found in the gospel the thing it needed most." To the Roman world it was the Gospel of the Resurrection; to St. Francis it was the Gospel of Brotherhood; to Luther, the Gospel of

Justification; to Wesley, the Gospel of Grace. To our age it is the Gospel of Personality, and that is why men are restless, why they revolt against social injustice. To-day the gospel is that of the Kingdom of God, summed up in the one shining sentence, "God is as good as Jesus," a doctrine "which the Church has never been able to believe."

"Science and Salvation" was the second theme. In this Dr. Newton emphasized the necessity of being hospitable to the scientific spirit. Otherwise the Church of the next generation will be led by second-rate minds. Christianity is a religion of law, he said, illustrating by the law of faith, of fellowship and of forgiveness. "Christ in the Life of To-day" was followed by the fourth, on "Christ in Modern Literature," in which the Need of Christ, the Search for Christ, and the Finding of Christ were shown by reference to great dramas and works of fiction.

Without Newton the Congress would have been worth while as a family gathering for the discussion of matters of family interest. With Newton it was a universal fellowship, shot through with the white light of the Universal Christ. Those who had ears to hear found in his message the ultimate answer to all the problems with which they had vexed their souls in the eleven sessions of a truly notable Congress.

A few crumbs remain to be gathered up.

Dean W. E. Garrison, of the Disciples Divinity House, of the University of Chicago, spoke entertainingly on the literature the Disciples should produce. He voiced the need of a little book—meaning by little not too big to be read—setting forth the fundamental position held by his denomination. Oh, what wouldn't some of us give for a "little book" like that dealing with the fundamentals of Universalism! There is a bit of grim humor, too, and maybe something else, in this remark by the Dean: "I don't know of a book written about the Disciples, not by a Disciple, that was not written against the Disciples, nor of one by a Disciple that is not directed against all other religions!"

Of course the "conflict" between Bryan and the world had to be recognized. President Jonathan Rigdon, of Central Normal College, Danville, Illinois, read a paper on "Science and Religion." It fairly sparkled with epigrams, and gave us a very happy half-hour. Here are a few specimens:

"I would have religion scientifically mind its own business, and science religiously attend to its own affairs."

"The process of an event does not destroy its divinity."

"It is really skepticism to deny that any law is divine."

"Human experience is the only soil in which Christianity could grow."

"I will undertake to find for Mr. Bryan sixteen reasons for the truth of evolution to one against it."

"It is better to discuss a question without settling it than to settle it without discussing it."

Finally, brethren, as a preacher would say, I was at this Congress two whole days, almost continuously from 8.30 a. m. to 10 p. m. During that time *just one person spoke to me.* That was a minister whom I had known quite well some years ago. Yet I think I looked very much like the rest of the crowd. I did not sit away back in the "overflow" seats, but went right down to the front, where I could see and hear and get notes. I gave every opportunity for at least a word and a handshake. But nary one. I can't imagine that happening in a Universalist convention. Can you?

Vest Pocket Lay Sermons

XXII The Healing of Nature

Agricola

HOW sweet the fresh earth smells. Robins in the front door-yard. Swelling buds on bush and tree. Barefoot boys in the turned furrows. The drone of bees, the hummingbirds probing for nectar, anemones coming timidly out of the fresh mold, violets on the shaded bank. Balm for tired senses. Rest and peace for jaded nerves. The soul blossoming like flowers after a refreshing rain or a copious dew.

After the worries and cares of daily life how good to return to Mother Earth and partake of her peaceful spirit. So Horace revels in the gift of Maecenas, "*Satis beatus unicis Sabinis.*" So Washington lays down the cares of state and retires to his health-giving fields. After saving the state Cincinnatus hastens back to his plow, and Newton sits in his garden when tired of dealing with gravitation and stellar spaces.

Do you seek peace? Go into the trackless woods where no city sounds can come and you hear only the squirrel's chatter, the note of the cardinal, and falling nuts.

> "A turn and we stand in the heart of things;
> The woods are round us, heaped and dim."

Do you want healing, turn up fresh earth with plow or spade. Do you wish to become a part of things? Cultivate an orchard or some vines, trim roses, stake up tomatoes, watch the luscious grape "grow purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun." Here is life going up in the sap, bursting in the buds, unfolding in the leaves. When you dig in the soil you live close to nature and learn her secrets.

Nature is the great healer. Grass grows in unused city streets, and swiftly recarpets battlefields torn by cruel shells. Forests wave where Grant and Lee charged murderously over open fields. The silent forest aisles re-echo only the murmur of the winds and the drip of the rain, which helps them blot out the ugly scars that man has made. In the fields and woods nature's balm sinks into the soul noiselessly so that bruised feelings and outraged thoughts insensibly are cured and restored to health and sanity.

We greatly underestimate the healing powers of nature. Drugs may help but nature cures. The wide landscape is a benediction, the blue sky is therapeutic, the refreshing winds are the bearers of health. A fine spring day is both a joy and a prayer. May

signals to the soul a song no less beautiful than that of the angelus, sounding over sunset fields the hour of prayer, and the coming of the perfumed night.

If you seek beauty, here it is in overabundance. Not the smallest flower but holds more marvels than the artists can paint. Not the tiniest grass blade but, seen in the microscope, discloses a world of beauty. If this is design it came from a marvelous designer. If from the struggles of life evolution is a master artist of life's forces.

And nature is full of mystery. Every spadeful of dirt contains the whole problem of created existence. From Tennyson's "flower in the crannied wall" to Einstein's Relativity we fairly swim in mystery and miracle. As Carlyle expresses it, the universe is

"From mystery to mystery, from God and to God."

Target Practise

Charles A. Alden

A BRACE of cataracts obscures the distant range and tight confines the periods allowed for any work, but to-day a voice said to me, Write, and I can but obey. The voice came through the mail. A man in another Ohio city had read a brief part of a sermon reported on Monday concerning "God and His Discipline," and wrote to say, in support of his request for Universalist literature, two things: first, "I am interested;" second, "I am not a member of any church." His letter, of course, was answered by return mail and I was glad that it came from a city where we have a church and settled pastor to whom I could refer him, and incidentally a copy of the reply went to our minister there.

But that voice stirred the echoes of my own religious experience. Chords of intrinsic agony were swept in me, now with little pain but keen remembrance of their first strains more than a quarter of a century ago. And then for a period of nearly six score months I tramped and listened, read and thought myself sick in the welter of my heartache. I too was interested. And I too was not a member of any church. I fought my own way through to Jesus Christ and Universalism before there was ever any reason to my mind to cross the threshold of a Universalist church, and when chance supplied that reason I yet knew nothing of what they believed inside those walls. Nor would I shirk the blame of timid search, but the religious tramp is scarcely e'er well fed, and perhaps never entirely sane.

Yet never, since the next Sunday after first entering a Universalist church I went to work as a layman in the Sunday school, have I felt that I was all to blame for my lack of knowledge of the Universalists' peerless denominational affirmations. As a religious immigrant, who took out his naturalization papers years ago, and has endeavored to make good on his new religious citizenship, I can not help laying some of the wear and tear of those ten years, whose scars hurt as I write about them, to the profound ability of Universalists to keep still. In the name of other millions of religious emigrants, tossed on the sea of seeming universal darkness, fed on stones for bread, and scorpions for fish, I would raise my voice for the campaign which our Church is now undertaking.

The fields are white, ready for the harvest, but the laborers are few. We are short-handed at the front and the front is everywhere. And the folks at home seek couches of slumber too quickly and remain in them too long. If your Universalism center in your head you can not deny, with any hope of sanity, the writhing need of the world for that knowledge of one Father and all brotherhood that shall make wars to cease and earth to know the peace of which the angels sang, among men of good will. Nor can you more easily deny the power of publicity to reach human beings and lead them where the things they want as well as need can be procured. And if your religion center in the heart, you will need no words of mine that you shall feel what no words ever can express to move you to a prompt and generous response.

The Memorial Church in Washington will not be all. The Perin-Cate Home in Tokyo will not be all. Both taken together are little enough, God knows, for us to do in memory of the men and women who first raised the clear call that "all men are equally dear to God" and that "sometime, somewhere, God in His limitless love will save all souls." Little enough for us to do in memory of the man who went to Calvary to tell the world that story, and in memory of the boys of that faith who gave themselves "to the last full measure of devotion" on the fields of Flanders and of France. But these will make a step forward. On the highways of civilization we shall by these thrust out our trumpet call. They shall be a challenge, an earnest invitation, a loving welcome, to the millions of man-forsaken men, whose souls perspire, whose hearts sweat blood in the wilderness of city life, and those who tramp unceasing the silent places of the earth. These two shall symbolize the outstretched arms of God embracing the world with everlasting Father love. They shall say both here and abroad: Men who have found have not forgotten those who seek.

* * *

A NARROW AND WEAK PROGRAM

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

At Detroit a movement was started to erect a Convention Church in Washington. Now over five hundred thousands of dollars are asked by the authorities for this building project. Without placing responsibility, I wish to affirm my belief that the project is misconceived and that its effect will be disastrous.

Its immediate effect will be to enthuse a narrow group of people upon a sentimental program.

It will drain the local churches of money and of energy which might better be expended in developing their own shrinking work.

It will in the long run drive many people from

local churches because of unwillingness to support such a shallow program.

It will eclipse whatever of spiritual genius the Church possessed with material interests.

During the last drive it was possible for some of us to work, because of a recognition of the value of material as a means. This incentive has now become an end, and can not be covered up by any sentimental ideas of Memory Books, etc.

After hearing many ministers affirm their lack of interest in the enormous quota assigned them, and not desirous of shirking my responsibility, I wish to affirm that I can not urge upon any people the fulfilment of what I regard as a grossly narrow and decidedly weak program.

It is interesting to note that the leaders of the Church disclaim responsibility for this program. It involves itself upon each individual to assume his responsibility or lack thereof. In stating my position, I seek to clear myself of liability.

If there is any extra time at Providence, might we not discuss some of the interesting problems growing out of the apathetic attitude toward problems of national and religious interest?

Elbert W. Whippen.

Somerville, Mass.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Sunset on Main Street

I VISITED a land called Indiana, and I sat on the Porch of the City Hotel that fronteth on Main Street at the time of the going down of the Sun. And there sat with me an Habitant of that Village, and I remarked concerning the Beauty of the Sunset. Now I verily believe that he had never thought of it before, but his Bosom Swelled with Pride, and he said:

For a town of its size, this City hath as Fine Sunsets as can be seen anywhere in all this Broad and Happy Land.

Now I rather liked that man, for albeit he had not noticed the Sunset until I had spoken thereof, yet was he quick to Appropriate it and claim it for his Own Town. And I fully agreed with him, that, so far as I know, there is no town of its size that hath more Glorious Sunsets than his town.

This I notice when I visit other Cities, that my friends there are determined that my feet shall not press the soil of those communities; for they bring Automobiles to mine Inn, and take me on Long Drives, and this is a custom to be Encouraged. And if Keturah be with me, so much the more is it Desirable that they take us Driving.

But I am not so much for Pleasant Drives that get us nowhere, nor for long and pleasant roads that lead to nothing. Neither do I care much to have pointed out to me the Ninth Largest Ford Assembling Plant in the world, nor the Fourteenth Largest Storage Warehouse in Christendom, nor the Third Largest Factory for the making of Chewing Gum. But for the men who work for Mr. Ford, and for those who move the Furniture, and for the Girls who Chew the Gum, for them do I care. And if there be girls who Chew no Gum, for them do I care yet more.

For Human Life is the measure of Value, even the Value of the Sunset. Suns and moons and worlds are of value only as they impart meaning and value to Life. And the Sunset is none too glorious for Main Street. I would that all the dwellers on Main Street would consider how glorious it is, and how gloriously life may be lived, even in a city that hath little to boast about save only its Sunsets and its quality of Human Life.

Where there is a Man or a Woman with an Heart and an Hope and a Problem, there the sun doth not rise or set without reason or reward.

* * *

WHO WAS THE AUTHOR?

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

"It is certain that the sentiments of the American Universalists are prevailing with an unprecedented rapidity. The industry of the preachers; their popular manner of speaking; the great interest of the subjects they discuss and their adaptation to the moral wants of mankind; the wide circulation of Universalist journals; the frequent meeting of associations in different parts of the country; and the occasional publication of sermons and tracts, have given an impulse to the spread of their views which must soon cause them to rank as one of the principal denominations of the United States."

I wonder if any modern Universalist can tell the source of the above quotation.

A. M. Williamson.

Dundee, Scotland, March 27, 1923.

* * *

LECTURING FOLKS ISN'T PRAYER

During this lawmaking season two chaplains of legislative houses, one in Colorado and one in Massachusetts, have incurred rebuke for the bizarre prayers they offered in the routine of their official praying duty. One rambled along after this fashion: "Our courts are corrupt; God has been expelled from our churches; our pulpits are filled with essayists; our boys and girls are going to the dogs." The other put in a high-colored bit of rhetorical thanks because a worthless and useless Congress had finally adjourned.

The complaints lodged against these grotesque specimens of pretended supplication were, we believe, mainly quarrels with the sentiments of the praying clergymen; one was thought to be slandering his state; the other was insulting the political party whose members had hired him to pray. But people more interested in religion than in partisanship could have told the politicians a much better reason for objecting. Both of these irreverences are merely samples of a fault almost universal in the nonliturgical ministry.

Barely one of fifty pastors in denominations which do not follow a printed ritual knows how to "lead in prayer." The other forty-nine make their pulpit prayers during public worship either prelude to or extension of the sermon. They ostensibly tell the Lord what in reality they want to impress on the people; they lecture or exhort the congregation over the Lord's shoulder. The empty and unmeant formula, "Teach us to know," introduces endless rigmaroles of what everybody knows already but what the minister thinks it timely to remind the people of. How little of prayer there is in all this is revealed when the minister—as, it seems, the Colorado chaplain did—refers to the Deity in the third person. Surely if a minister or anybody else felt that he was really speaking in God's ear he would use the second person.

Prayer rightfully consists of adoration, thanksgiving and petition. When will ministers learn that this enumeration does not include a news service purporting to inform the Lord of earthly conditions which, it seems to be presumed, He has overlooked?—*Continent.*

Home and Children

FUNDAMENTALS

A little house, a bush, a tree,
A laughing child to play with me.

A task that fills the fragrant days,
But leaving time for prayer and praise.

A garden bright with pink and gold,
Full harvest as the year grows old.

For every day some bookly gain;
For twilight, music's sweet refrain.

A dozen friends with gifts of cheer,
And love, more tender year by year.

With these, and springtime at the door—
What mortal man could ask for more!

Thomas Curtis Clark.

* * *

A BUNNY BUNCH STORY

THE door of the little house which stood in the corner of Butter Ball's room opened silently. Bunny Bunch stepped out. Pad, pad across the room went his soft paws. With a hop he landed on the strip of moonlight which stretched across the blue and white quilt on Butter Ball's bed.

"All—aboard—for—Storyland. All—aboard—for—Storyland," he droned over and over in a sing-song tone. Butter Ball's eyelashes began to flutter. "All aboard for Storyland—all aboard for Storyland." Butter Ball's eyes opened wide and stared at Bunny Bunch.

"I've come to pay my rent," announced the pink and white rabbit in a very businesslike manner. "Hurry now. While you get ready I'll blow myself up."

"Is it a whole month since you paid it last?" asked the little boy, pushing the thick yellow hair from his eyes.

"It certainly is," declared Bunny Bunch. "One month exactly since you sent that foolish French doll to the plaything box and rented her house to me. Now hurry. We want to be back before the alarm clock goes off."

The alarm clock could be heard in the next room tick-tocking away very busily. Mamma Ball and Daddy Ball were fast asleep. The night light in the hall glimmered softly.

Butter Ball quickly got into his warm bathrobe and slippers; then stood watching Bunny Bunch blow himself up. Such fun it was to see a tiny pink and white rabbit grow larger and larger, filling with air just like a balloon. "I blow in instead of blowing out," Bunny Bunch had explained to the little boy. "It's easy when you know how."

"Ready," cried Bunny Bunch, who was now as large as a full grown pig.

Quickly Butter Ball climbed on his back and pulled out the wings from their furry pockets.

"Hold tight," warned Bunny Bunch. With a swish of the great wings, out of the window they flew into the night. So fast—so very fast they went that the moon and stars seemed to blur and run together in dazzling streaks. Butter Ball's thoughts were all in a muddle, too. This was a very queer way for Bunny Bunch to pay his rent. He wasn't at all sure he wanted to go to Storyland. Last time he had just escaped being turned into a little green snake by the princess Fierylocks.

"Don't go near Fierylocks this time," he shouted straight into one of Bunny Bunch's huge pink ears.

"Ouch! You'll deafen me," roared poor Bunny. "I won't go near her, of course. But where shall I go?"

"Let's go see some one nice and kind," begged the boy.

"The very thing!" declared Bunny Bunch.

"What—who?" asked Butter Ball.

Bunny Bunch didn't answer. He seemed to be thinking. Butter Ball waited eagerly. The golden towers of Storyland came in sight.

"How would little Red Riding-Hood do?" asked Bunny Bunch. "Is she nice and kind enough?"

"Oh, yes!" agreed the little boy, very much relieved.

"Very good," observed Master Bunny, flying over the wall into Storyland, where the moonlight was shining as bright as day.

Over the towers they flew until they came to a green, green forest. Bunny Bunch quickly descended, and Butter Ball hopped down. "Whee—ee—oo—oo," Bunny Bunch let the air all come out—until he was only a tiny pink and white rabbit again.

Together the two friends followed a little white path which led into the forest. The wide spreading trees, which had looked so green from above, appeared red from below—red with luscious cherries, which hung like rain from the branches. The grass, if there was any, was completely hidden by flowers—violets, buttercups and daisies. "No wonder Red Riding-Hood stopped to pick them," thought Butter Ball. This made him think of the wolf.

"The wolf truly was cut open, and Red Riding-Hood came out. Didn't she?" he asked. "Some folks say she never did."

"Some folks are wrong," snapped Bunny—"for there she is."

Sure enough, down a little path that branched into theirs came a dear little girl all dressed in red, with a pretty basket over one arm. Butter Ball gasped with surprise. She looked so very much like the picture in his book at home.

At this moment she caught sight of him. "A boy—a lovely little boy!" she cried. "I was just wishing some one would go with me to grandmother's house." Stepping up beside him, she grasped his hand and smiled.

Butter Ball blushed, but said nothing. He was beginning to feel a tiny bit queer. Going to see Red Riding-Hood's grandmother had always seemed a very exciting affair to him. Of course, now that the wolf was dead it would be very different—very, very different.

In spite of this the little boy couldn't keep from jumping every time a leaf fluttered or a cherry dropped. Bunny Bunch, who was hopping cheerfully along in

front of them, always turned and looked back at him then. Once he gave a funny wink.

"Good evening, little Red Riding-Hood," boomed out a gruff voice right near Butter Ball's ear. Yes; it was the wolf as big and rough and terrifying as ever. Butter Ball drew back. Little Red Riding-Hood held fast to his hand. She was smiling pleasantly at the wolf.

"Good evening, Mr. Wolf," piped the sweet little voice. "I'm taking these goodies to grandmother. She's sick in bed."

"Ha!" grinned the wolf. "Sorry to hear that. I must drop in and see her. You take the long way, and I'll take the short way." Then, with a whisk of his tail, he was gone.

"You won't really go—now!" implored Butter Ball, trembling just a little.

"I promised mother I would," replied the little girl, clinging fast to Butter Ball's hand and talking happily.

"The wolf doesn't know any better than to eat folks," she remarked sweetly. "And he's so thoughtful, too—promising to drop in and see grandmother. Let's hurry and get there before he leaves."

So down the path they ran, Butter Ball wishing every minute that they were running the other way. They passed some wood-cutters busily at work. All too soon they reached the grandmother's door.

"Come in," called a voice from within.

"It's the wolf," whispered Butter Ball.

"Hush," said Red Riding Hood.

In they went. No sign of the wolf anywhere. The grandmother's bedroom was very dark. "I've brought you some goodies," cried little Red Riding-Hood. "Some cocoanut cake and some gooseberry jelly. Think of that, dearest grandmother!"

Talking cheerfully she approached the bed. Butter Ball fearfully tried to discover what was lying under the covers. Outside in the forest, he could hear the steady sound of the ax—hack, hack, splinter, splinter. Ah, the wood cutters!

Bunny Bunch crouched under the bed, peering out at them.

"Oh, grandmother, what big eyes you have!" exclaimed the little girl. "The better to see you with, my dear," a deep voice growled from the bed.

Bunny Bunch clawed at Butter Ball's bathrobe. "Better let go her hand now," he urged softly. Butter Ball tried his best—but the little hand held fast.

"Oh, grandmother, what big ears you have!" cried Red Riding-Hood. "The better to hear you with," was the gruff answer.

"Let go!" urged Bunny shrilly. Butter Ball tugged and tugged.

"But, grandmother, what a big mouth you have," cried Red Riding-Hood. "The better to eat you with," roared the wolf, springing out of the bed. "OH—oh—oh!" screamed Red Riding-Hood.

With a wrench Butter Ball tore his hand loose and scrambled under the bed with Bunny Bunch. Just in time, too. When he looked again the little girl had disappeared entirely. Just the wolf stood there, big and fat—enormously fat.

Not a sound but the panting of the great wolf. His tongue lolled out of his mouth. Then there was the sound of running feet. With a rush, in came the wood cutters. Like a flash the wolf was cut open, and Red Riding-Hood and her grandmother stepped out.

"Well, well," chuckled the dear old lady. "That was a tight squeeze."

"Yes, indeed!" smiled little Red Riding-Hood. Then, looking at Butter Ball, she went on: "It's a good thing you let go. You would have crowded us dreadfully. I didn't think of that when I held on so tight."

Butter Ball stared at her in amazement. "You knew all the time you were going to be swallowed!"

"Oh, yes! I didn't know it the first time, of course. But I always do now. It's sort of a game by this time, you see. It cheers grandmother up when she's sick. Sometimes it even makes her feel well enough to sew the wolf up."

"You—you sew the wolf up!"

"Certainly. We believe in being kind to animals. Don't you?"

Before the bewildered little boy could answer, Bunny Bunch called: "All aboard for Everydayland." There he stood outside the door, all blown up and ready to start.

Hastily bidding good-by to little Red Riding-Hood and her dear little grandmother, Butter Ball climbed aboard. Soon they were speeding like the wind back to his own home—back to Mamma Ball and Daddy Ball and the tick-tocking alarm clock.—*Edith Mitchell, in Continent.*

* * *

ASKS SCIENCE TO DISCOVER GOD

Tom L. Masson is called a humorist. He certainly couldn't be called a scientist and probably would not wish to be called a moralist. Yet he is far from humor, and is talking with a good common sense by which both science and morals may be well advised, when he writes in comment on a recent volume of anthropology:

"Without the slightest desire to minimize the value of this book from the standpoint of the veterinary, we respectfully submit that the value of such a book must always be unconvincing because it ignores the spirit in man. As one of our most far-seeing Americans recently wrote, we are not here to make a more comfortable world, but a world of more character and religion—where man may come in time to realize his spiritual longings. However important may be intelligence tests and a better understanding of man as an animal, it still remains true that the salvation of man depends on spiritual values. A eugenic world is highly desirable, but only as a by-product. In the midst of so many inventions and biological discoveries that are crowding in upon us, we are willing to venture the prediction that, perhaps in the very near future, the greatest discovery that science will make for us is that there is a God."—*Exchange.*

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AUNTIE HELPS

The sectarian issue is not unknown in Australian politics. The story is told of a British politician who went down to a constituency with a view to being selected as its candidate for a by-election. He addressed a meeting of the electors, and sought, through his speech, to discover the prevailing religious tendency of the constituency. "My great-grandfather," he said, "was an Episcopalian" (stony silence), "but my great-grandmother belonged to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland" (continued silence). "My grandfather was a Baptist" (more silence), "but my grandmother was a Congregationalist" (still frigid silence). "But I had a great-aunt who was a Wesleyan Methodist" (loud applause), "and—and I have always followed my great-aunt" (loud and prolonged cheering). He got in.—*The Christian Evangelist.*

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass

"PERPETUAL MOTION"

One evening in May, 1920, a number of enthusiastic young ladies met at the parsonage of the Universalist Church of Chelsea and formed a Clara Barton Guild.

The first meetings were spent in making scrap books for the children of Japan. At one of the meetings a committee was formed to take charge of the candy table at the annual fair in the fall, also each member volunteered to earn a dollar during the summer, which was to be added to the proceeds of the candy table. A Hallowe'en party was held in the church parlors and half of the proceeds was given towards the fair, at which the candy table was a great success.

During the year we did White Cross work for India.

We sent out four Thanksgiving dinners to needy families and at Christmas toys were sent to Suffolk, Virginia. We also entertained the Chelsea Day Nursery children on Christmas Eve. Trimmed hats, in a barrel, were sent to North Carolina.

A Valentine party was given and ten dollars was pledged toward the church drive. We also worked for the Public Safety Committee.

Beginning our next year, we formed a committee to take charge of the candy and grab table at the fair, for which each member promised to earn a dollar as before. We raised money to send a delegate to Northfield Summer School. Twenty-five dollars was donated to help buy furnishings for Clara Barton's birthplace. Several entertainments were given during the year. The girls aided Miss Andrews in preparing the Get Together meeting for all Guilds in Massachusetts.

The Guild started this year with thirty members. Ten families were furnished with Thanksgiving dinners. Two large boxes of toys and scrap books were sent to the children at the Massachusetts State Hospital, Canton, Mass. We took full charge of the Christmas entertainment at the Day Nursery. A costume party was held just before Christmas, at which the members appeared dressed in many varieties of costume. Supper was served.

A Valentine festival was held to open a campaign for new members for the Sunday school.

Twenty dollars was given toward the running expenses of Clara Barton's birthplace. We also pledged $100 toward the church drive, which we will raise by means of food sales, entertainments, etc.

The Guild took full charge of two tables at the parish supper recently. A village festival in aid of the Altar Society was a great success and netted nearly $50. The girls have sold about $15 worth of chocolate for the Society also.

The Guild has been and is ever ready to do anything possible to help and maintain interest in the church work. Nothing is too difficult but that we will attempt to do our share.

We have enrolled quite a number of new members since our year started and we hope to make our Guild one of the largest in the state. Last year we were second in size.

Since the beginning of March we have held Sunday evening meetings to try to revive interest in the church, as these meetings have not been held for some time. The members alternate in leading the meetings. We have had able speakers each time. The religious part of the meeting is followed by refreshments and community singing. We have been much encouraged by the attendance. Early in the year we start upon Mission Study, with "Lighted to Lighten" as our text book.

The Guild members have worked untiringly and faithfully in the interests of the church and hope to be able to do even more in the future.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

STARTING AT BUFFALO

Mrs. John Sayles is an excellent cook. That was the unanimous and emphatic opinion, made manifest by formal vote, of the company that on March 23 met to test her hospitality and that of her genial husband. Practically all the officers and teachers of both the Buffalo Sunday schools gathered to confer with the wayfaring man, the meeting being at feast-tables abundantly spread in the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Sayles. Our workers in the metropolis of western New York are confronted with difficult problems, chief of which is that of the distant scholar, but they are struggling persistently and on the whole successfully. The spirit of the conference was excellent and many practical plans were decided upon. Were there any jokes? Well, it used to be said that Dr. Biddle was the wittiest of Universalist preachers, but that was before the days of John Sayles.

Out at Albion we have the Pullman Memorial Church, an edifice of which any congregation might be proud, and a beautiful parsonage large enough to accommodate two or three present-day families. Through the courtesy of Rev. L. H. Robinson, I occupied the pulpit, finding the people very courteous and responsive. The new Sunday school superintendent, who is supported by loyal workers, knows how to charm the children, and he has a good company of them to charm. There is distinct progress at Albion.

Mr. Robinson serves also at Clarendon, being now on his third pastorate in that place. Here the Sunday school was kept open five years without church services, which shows the quality of the workers. They are now conducting their school regularly and have bright children, worthy of their efforts. I felt honored to preach in this dignified church of the older type.

At East Aurora we have one of the new Sunday schools of which Miss Earle is justly proud. Rev. Dayton Voight is both a minister and a business man and, if he is as popular in his latter phase as in the former, he ought to become a millionaire. This school is yet small but it is gaining both children and adults, and its leaders have the will to win.

Every one has heard of our school at Rochester, for in many respects it is one of our best. The conference followed a parish supper, so we had church trustees and many other prominent people with us. The school is cramped for room and an up-to-date Sunday school house will be erected as soon as certain city changes are decided upon, most of the money being already subscribed. It is probable that a full-time Sunday school worker will be employed in the near future. Rev. Wallace W. Rose is a good pastor and an enthusiast for religious education.

There was a blizzard at Little Falls, but I was not responsible for it, as the people charged. It was physically impossible for many people to get to the church, though a few heroes and heroines braved the tempest. At any rate, no visitor is needed in a parish where Rev. H. M. Cary is pastor and where his wife, Rev. Maude Lyon Cary, one of the Association's field workers, is his able co-laborer. "Forward" is the motto at Little Falls this year and every year.

I had the special privilege of a long conference with Mrs. Minerva Lamphear Metz, New York State President, just now of Lockport but soon to go with her husband and family to Perry. Ideas? Energy? I wonder if the original Minerva combined with her wisdom as much ambition and vitality. Watch New York State under this woman's leadership. One with her spirit may well say, "Henceforth I ask not good fortune; I myself am good fortune."

G. E. H.

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GROWING

The membership records for the first three months of 1923, now being returned, show growth in almost all cases and large growth in some. For instance, the card from Harrisville, R. I., gives a pleasant thrill. This school was reorganized last September with eight members. It now has forty-seven in the regular school, besides good Cradle Roll and Home Department. A net gain of twenty-three members has been made since Jan. 1.

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

April 22. Morning, Avon, Ill.
April 23. Chicago, North Shore Church.
April 24. Chicago, Church of the Redeemer.
April 29. Pleasant Valley, Ind.
May 6. Fitchburg, Mass.
May 13. Morning, Stamford, Conn.

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AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

Some one has characterized the stories of the Civil War as America's folk-lore. Here there are hero-tales, accounts of dashing exploits, thrilling tales of hand-to-hand conflicts and the matching of wits. Doubtless similar things happened during the World War, but we have not heard of them in the same way. The scale of the last war was so tremendous, the fighting was so continuous, and so scientific, that the details do not stand out in comprehensible fashion. Or perhaps they are so horrible that no one cares to talk of them.

That is fortunate for humanity. We hear nothing now of "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." It is glorious no longer, but sordid, filthy, brutish, and withal so costly that we are beginning to realize how ridiculous it is as a means of settling disputes between supposedly rational beings.

Doubtless it takes a higher order of military genius to direct millions of men from G. H. Q. fifty miles from the trenches, than to lead the charge of the light brigade at Balaklava, but you can't become excited over it. Transporting millions of people through New York's subway system without accident or delay is more difficult than guiding a fleet of prairie schooners across the plains, but it makes little or no appeal to the average imagination. We much prefer Buffalo Bill. Even Marshall Foch, the most dramatic figure during the World War, did not win and hold personal admiration and love as did the outstanding leaders in the Civil War: Stonewall Jackson leading his ragged troops up the frozen roads out of the Valley of Virginia; Grant, fighting "it out on this line if it takes all summer;" Robert E. Lee, the perfect type of Southern gentleman, fighting a losing fight with courage, and more admirable and lovable even in defeat than at the flood tide of success; and, greatest of them all, "Father Abraham," fighting for a principle, "with malice toward none, with charity for all."

This American folk-lore captured my youthful imagination, and I have always loved it. Many of the books of my boyhood were filled with it, particularly "The Gunboat Series," by C. A. Fosdick (Harry Castlemon). Fortunately I learned that there was another side, for Henty's "With Lee in Virginia" fell into my hands. Every May, as Memorial Day drew near, we sang the old war songs. It is strange that no such songs came out of the World War, although the world has never sung so much as it did during the war years. But "Tipperary" and "A Long, Long Trail" are not war songs, and "Keep the Home Fires Burning" appeals to us now chiefly as a necessary and scientifically arranged bit of machinery to keep up the morale of the folks at home.

1914-1918 produced nothing to compare with the "Battle Cry of Freedom," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," "Bonnie Blue Flag," "My Maryland," or "Tenting Tonight." These may not be great poetry, but they expressed the soul of America sixty years ago, and the best of them are sung as often now as the songs we all were singing five years ago and have as unanimously forgotten.

There is more of the true history of American enshrined in those songs than in all the books of facts and dates ever written, for

"We measure time by heart-throbs,
Not by figures on a dial;"

and only the language of emotion can tell the true history of a nation.

Seeing History

I have been particularly fortunate in becoming acquainted with this American folk-lore. Part of it we sang into our inmost consciousness in the school-room; part of it I have seen. In my travels about the country opportunity has come to visit the scenes of many dramatic events of Civil War days: Nashville, Murfreesboro and Chattanooga; Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and Chickamauga; the old railroad line to Atlanta, where Andrew's Raiders captured the locomotive "General" in an unsuccessful effort to destroy the road (the old locomotive is now in the Union Station at Chattanooga); Atlanta and many points on Sherman's march to the sea; Andersonville Prison Park; Manassas, Petersburg and Richmond. Sometime I am going to Gettysburg, Frederick and up through the Valley of Virginia, and sometime I shall visit Vicksburg.

All of which is by way of preface to the statement that to-day I have been journeying up the Potomac Valley from Washington, often in sight of the river and of the old Baltimore and Ohio Canal, long unused, but which was so important a transportation link in the sixties that its destruction was the objective of many raids from the Virginia shore.

And once more I have seen Harper's Ferry, where John Brown's soul started marching on, as are these other brave souls, men of the North and men of the South alike, whose courage, whose devotion to duty, whose loyalty to the right as God gave them to see the right, are the richest heritage we have from America's past.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
On the B. & O., April 7.

For the Quiet Hour

To think we are able is almost to be so. To determine upon attainment is frequently attainment itself.

Samuel Smiles.

Believe that the highest you ever have been you may be all the time, and vastly higher still if only the power of the Christ can occupy you and fill your life all the time.

Phillips Brooks.

It is not a question of how much we are to do, but of how it is to be done. It is not a question of doing more, but of doing better.

John Ruskin.

It is well to have visions of a better life than that of every day, but it is the life of every day from which elements of a better life must come.

Maeterlinck.

To all the beauty of the earth it is needful that man brings powers of seeing. Otherwise in vain do the clouds glow with color in the sunrise and the flowers open on the earth. Appreciation of beauty is one form of our companionship with God and leads us on the new experiences of enjoyment in His company. And yet our entire absorption in beauty that must fade parts company with him who is ever going on. He hath made everything beautiful in and for its time.

Isaac Edwardson.

"A little chamber" built "upon the wall,"
With stool and table, candlestick and bed,
Where he might sit, or kneel, or lay his head
At night or sultry noontide: this was all
A prophet's need: but in that chamber small
What mighty prayers arose, what grace was shed,
What gifts were given—potent to wake dead,
And from its viewless flight a soul recall!

And still what miracles of grace are wrought,
In many a lonely chamber with shut door
Where God, our Father, is in secret sought,
And shows Himself in mercy more and more!
Dim upper rooms with God's own glory shine,
And souls are lifted to the life divine.

R. Wilton.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Miss Ruth G. Woodis, of Worcester, was one of four Near East Relief workers who on April 9 were decorated by Governor Cox, of Massachusetts, for notable service. Another was Mrs. Janette Emrich, who is well known to many people in our Church.

Mrs. Cordelia Stanchfield Staring, who has been a member of the Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis, Minn., for fifty-six years, has just published a book, "The Mystic Meaning of the Grail Legend." Mrs. Staring is the mother of Stanley S. Staring of Minneapolis, one of the trustees of the Minnesota State Convention.

Florida

St. Petersburg.—Rev. L. J. Richards, pastor. In February Dr. Vincent E. Tomlinson of Massachusetts, Dr. F. B. Bishop, Southern Superintendent, and Rev. Geo. A. Gay of Tennessee held a series of meetings in St. Petersburg, afternoon and evening, for seven days. Public interest in these services steadily grew and the good results of the venture have been very apparent. Easter Sunday was truly a day of great rejoicing, for the pastor announced that enough money had been subscribed and earned to clear the debt on the church lot, principal and interest. The price of the lot was $4,000 and the greater part of this amount was raised in six months by just a handful of earnest workers. Another season, a drive will be made to establish a building fund. Church services will be held throughout the summer, except during the short vacation of the pastor.

Georgia

Canon.—Rev. H. W. Whitnell, pastor. In a contest in the public school building Mr. Whitnell was voted the most popular man in town, receiving a majority over all other contestants. The money obtained by this contest will be used to buy a picture to be hung in the school auditorium. On the frame will be a bronze plate on which Mr. Whitnell's name will be engraved.

Indiana

Manchester.—Rev. Pearl M. Mock, pastor. Easter services were well attended. Two babies were christened. Much serious illness and very bad roads were a handicap, nevertheless services were maintained twice a month throughout the winter with exception of one Sunday.

Ireland.—This church, dormant for several years, has been reorganized with Herbert Grist moderator, Miss Millie Kingery clerk and Mrs. Hazel Davis treasurer. Mrs. Pearl Mock held services on Feb. 11 and again April 8, receiving four into the church. Services will be held monthly with a view to holding services semi-monthly when necessary repairs which are under way have been completed. Samuel C. Mock, president of the Sunday School Convention, organized a new Sunday school here April 8.

Maine

Dover.—Rev. J. F. Thompson, pastor. Union services of the Protestant churches were held in the Congregational church during Holy Week. Mr. Thompson preached on Friday evening. His subject was "The Gospel of Jesus." On Easter Sunday Mr. Thompson began the third year of his pastorate. His subject was "The Resurrection Life." The sermon was followed by the reception of two members and the communion.

Massachusetts

Plymouth.—Rev. S. E. Franc, pastor. This church has recently received $750 by subscription for a new furnace. Two collections have already been taken for the Washington Memorial Church. Mr. Franc is at the head of the committee which is raising a $5,000 organ fund. In a local theater on April 18 a big entertainment is to be staged for the benefit of the organ fund. There is a marked increase in the attendance upon the church services during the past year.

Gloucester.—Rev. John Clarence Lee, D. D., pastor. Our Easter surpassed even the highest anticipations: the crowded church, heavenly music, the enthusiastic congregation singing their faith in jubilant hymns, and a love offering of generous hands and large amount. The Lenten season has been full of interest. On Lincoln Day, Mr. F. J. Babson gave a brief address and read some of the choicest passages from Lincoln's words, and the choir sang negro spirituals of the Civil War period. One Sunday, Rev. H. W. Haynes of Beverly exchanged with Dr. Lee and gave a sermon of stirring effectiveness. On Holy Thursday evening two hundred were present at communion, including several from churches of other denominations. Seventeen new members received the right hand of fellowship from the pastor. A most appropriate sermon was given by Rev. G. H. Lewis, pastor of the Annisquam Church. Easter Sunday evening the concert was under the direction of Miss Helen Webster Rice, our efficient superintendent and church school director, who gave a short address including a story of deep interest. Recitations, songs and a pantomime were given by the children before a large audience. One of the most enjoyable and successful of recent events was a holiday cafeteria, which drew a great patronage and enriched the treasury of the Ladies' Society. All the work and interests of the church are constantly promoted by the enterprise of the parish committee, of which Mr. Jeremiah Foster is the chairman. The spring season will be filled with new activities. Christian fraternalism on Cape Ann was shown at the Good Friday service in the Rockport Congregational church, when at the invitation of Rev. W. W. Campbell the sermon was delivered by the Gloucester Universalist minister and the prayer by the Rockport Universalist pastor, Rev. Frank E. Barton. Also, on the Sunday evening after Easter, Dr. Lee preached in the Methodist church in Gloucester.

Wakefield.—Rev. W. S. Perkins, D. D., pastor. A bequest of $1,000 from the late Mrs. Alice M. Travis has been left to this church, the income to be used for current expenses. A like sum of $1,000 has been given by T. O. Richardson of Toledo, Ohio, to be applied to the cost of the recent remodeling of the church building. Four members united with the church on Easter.

Marlboro.—Rev. Paul Harris Drake, pastor. Increasing activity marks this steady-going old parish and all departments are in a healthy condition. While our growth is not marked, activities abound, and hardly a week goes by in which there is not some successful gathering. The men's supper, the committee for which was headed by the pastor, proved a big drawing card, and hot chicken-pies disappeared in old-time fashion. The supper was followed by a stereopticon lecture by the pastor on "A Trip to Niagara Falls," which was appreciated. A snug sum was realized. At the annual meeting on March 21, Mr. George A. Morrison resigned from the prudential committee after twenty-five years of constant activity, and was given a rising vote of thanks. The treasurer's report showed all current bills paid with the exception of 1922 taxes. At the annual meeting of the Ladies' Circle, Mrs. George B. Herrick resigned after acting as president for nine consecutive years, and Mrs. William Elderkin was chosen to fill the office. Mrs. Elderkin assumes her new duties under most favorable auspices, for the "Circle" now boasts of the largest active membership in many years. Two new members were taken into the church at the Easter morning service, following which the communion service was held. The Easter offering this year totaled $192.80, $75 of which was given by the Ladies' Circle and $25 by the Y. P. C. U. The Y. P. C. U., organized during the present pastorate, holds regular Sunday evening devotional meetings and is well attended by the older members of the Sunday school. Illustrated talks by the pastor have featured recent sessions of the Sunday school, and during Lent a larger attendance than usual resulted. Our minister is chaplain of the Marlboro Lodge of Odd Fellows, and also chaplain of the Men's Degree Staff of the Grange. He is in constant demand as a speaker before lodges, men's clubs and Boards of Trade. Mr. Drake has attended sixteen funerals and three weddings thus far in his present

pastorate. In addition to his church duties our pastor recently organized the Marlboro farmers into a $100,000 corporation known as the Marlboro Dairy Company, of which he is clerk.

New York

Henderson.—Rev. Harriet E. Druley, pastor. Our Easter services were very successful this year. Prof. H. P. Morrell came from Canton for two days during Holy Week and gave us many practical ideas. On Easter Sunday we received one member by letter—a lady who has been an almost tireless worker in our church for a number of years, but was a member of the Baptist church in another town. In the afternoon the pastor christened a child in its own home. Our church has been called the community church, for most of the citizens are Universalist sympathizers. This is felt most keenly when death comes. Just recently our pastor has been called upon to officiate at four funerals, all in a little over a week.

Rochester.—Rev. William Wallace Rose, pastor. Easter brought out a congregation that crowded the church to capacity. It was ten above zero outside, with a blanket of fresh snow. But inside all was warmth and light and color. Lilies banked the pulpit, and music was in the air. Twenty persons "took this to be their church." The average morning attendance during the six weeks of Lent was 278. Mr. Rose has been engaged this winter in two important extra-church activities. He is executive chairman of the Rochester Juvenile Survey instituted by the luncheon clubs of Rochester at a cost of $3,000 to determine the causes of juvenile delinquency. He is a member of the Committee of Twenty-five, a group of ministers and laymen who have assumed the role of gadflies of the administrators of the eighteen amendment. Two monster mass meetings have been held, and the committee has made no little contribution to the exceptionally high level of law and order in this city. One Sunday in March, Mr. Rose preached over the radio and surprised his hearers by taking a collection to be devoted to the work of the Winter Playground of this church. A sum of $24.57 was received by mail. The Mission Circle of this church, starting from zero last winter, now has a membership of 110, and is aiming to make it 150 by May 1. The all-day work meetings of both Woman's Aid and Mission Circle have been very successful during the winter. Plans are under way to employ a young woman trained in Sunday school work, to supervise the school and to act as minister's assistant. Mr. Rose would like to hear from any applicants whose eyes may fall upon this item.

Middleport.—Rev. E. H. Carritt, pastor. Services are held every Sunday morning, church school at noon and the Y. P. C. U. at six o'clock, with a splendid attendance. Some excellent papers have been prepared by the members. The Clara Barton Guild have very tastefully decorated a room on the first floor of Social Hall as their "Guild Room" and have held their first meeting in it. The church school held a Twentieth Century Social in Social Hall the evening of April 6 under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Carritt. Supper was served at 6.30, and the evening's program was a group of three different sets of pictures on the moving picture machine, followed by a program over the radio which had been installed during the day. The last number was a progressive peanut game, which caused much merriment. A number enjoyed dancing in the Guild Room.

Nova Scotia

Halifax.—Rev. Oluf Tandberg, pastor. The severest winter within the memory of people here is slowly passing into history. On Easter Sunday we walked to church between ice ridges and snow banks five feet in height or more. But we have the persistent faith the summer will arrive at last. During the winter our women have been devoting their time and labor to the children's hospital, an institution very much in need of help. They have made piles of clothing for the little patients, and this service has been amply recognized by the community. On March 15 our pastor gave a second lecture at the Institute for the Blind, and it was voted to give the proceeds to the children's hospital. A large and representative audience attended the lecture, and a goodly sum was realized. During Lent our pastor gave two other lectures: one at the Baptist church in Dartmouth, N. S., and one at the Wesley Memorial Methodist Church in Halifax. On this last occasion the large church was packed to the doors. Easter Sunday was bright and clear, and we had the largest congregation of the season. A children's concert was the main feature of the morning service. At the evening service three new members were given the right hand of fellowship, and others are expected to unite with the church in the near future. The only drawback was the Easter music. Every church choir in town has been suffering from colds and influenza, and our own choir did not scape. Vocalists were at the highest premium during the last week of Lent. "Life out of the Grave" was the subject of the sermon. The eightieth anniversary of the founding of the Universalist church in Halifax was celebrated by a banquet and entertainment in the dining room of the church on April 5. Some of the leading citizens of Halifax were in attendance and the main speaker of the evening was Justice Russell, of the supreme bench of Nova Scotia. He recalled the bitter theological fight of a generation ago, but emphasized the fact that the old controversial waves have been laid to rest. The pastor took occasion to explain the new program and the rising spirit of Universalism in America. Special representatives from the Victorian Order of Nurses and the Children's Hospital, both of which institutions our church has befriended, were present at the banquet. An anniversary service was held on Sunday evening, April 15.

Pennsylvania

Scranton.—Rev. Wm. H. McGlauflin, D. D., pastor. At the evening meeting of Holy Thursday, the communion was observed and eleven members were voted into church fellowship. All were formally welcomed at the Easter service. There were five baptisms. The offering to meet convention quotas was $177.44. Another class is expected to join soon. At the course of union Lenten meetings preceding Easter Dr. McGlauflin delivered one of the sermons. The services were at the noon hour, in the Strand Theater, and large congregations were attracted. Seven central churches co-operated in the movement. The Sunday evening illustrated lecture course which started in November ended at Easter. The last congregation, as usual, filled the auditorium. Another course is being planned to start next autumn. A recent supper given by the Women's Association netted above $100.

Tennessee

Chattanooga.—Rev. George A. Gay, pastor. Easter was a very happy occasion at the Shinn Memorial. A large congregation was present in the morning and two young people united with the church. One infant was christened. The church was beautifully decorated with lilies and ferns and peach blossoms. Following the service many of the members remained and participated in a family dinner which was served in the basement of the church. At four in the afternoon another service was held, and in the evening the final service of the series which had been held for one week occured. The minister of the church concluded ten sermons on "How Jesus Helped Us," and an appreciative audience voted the special meetings "the best yet."

Vermont

Springfield.—Rev. Geo. H. Welch, pastor. The church had a splendid Easter season this year, owing largely to the efforts of the choir and organist to supply music which would fit the season. A cantata was rendered by the choir, "Life and Death," by Shelley, and an orchestra of twelve pieces added a great deal to the services, drawing a much more than ordinary attendance, even on Easter Sunday. There were 200 in attendance at the service. Fifteen members were received into the church. We are preparing to make quite extensive alterations and repairs on the church, putting in new floors, in the auditorium and vestry, more electric fixtures and redecorating throughout. It is expected that the cost will be about $5,000.

Wisconsin

Racine.—Rev. A. W. McDavitt, pastor. The congregation on Easter Sunday was,

so old-timers say, the largest in the history of the church, the music was the finest, and the collection the largest. Sixteen united with the church.

* *

BOSTON MINISTERS' MEETING

At the meeting April 16 Vernon E. Blagbrough was the speaker, and his subject was "The Relation of Business and Government."

April 23 Prof. A. I. Andrews of Tufts College will speak on "Politics and Religion in Southwestern Europe."

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1923

Previously reported	723
Rochester, N. Y.	20
Henderson, N. Y.	1
Halifax, N. S.	3
Santa Paula, Cal.	1
Ireland, Ind.	4
Springfield, Vt.	17
Gloucester, Mass.	17
Wakefield, Mass.	4
Marlboro, Mass.	2
Total	792

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 41. Manchester, Ind., 2. Henderson, N. Y., 1. Gloucester, Mass., 6. Santa Paula, Cal., 1. Olcott, N. Y., 1. Lockport, N. Y., 2. Total, 54.

* *

UNIVERSALIST CLUB OF BOSTON

The last meeting of the Club for the present season, which was also the annual meeting, was held at Hotel Bellevue, Beacon St., on Monday evening, April 9. The annual supper was served at 6.30 p. m., at the close of which Hon. Oscar A. Marden, vice-president, called the gathering to order and asked for the reports of secretary, treasurer and committee on nominations. There are at the present time 118 members in the Club. The financial condition is excellent. And at this annual meeting the Club starts upon its second half-century of existence.

The officers chosen for the fifty-first year of the Club are: Hon. Oscar A. Marden, president; Rev. Fred A. Moore, vice-president; Vinton A. Sears, secretary; Roscoe Pierce, treasurer. The executive committee consists of these officers and the three following directors: Rev. Leroy W. Coons, Fletcher P. Osgood and Samuel T. Cushing.

The special guest and speaker of the evening was Dr. Tehyi Hsieh, Managing Director of Chinese Trade and Labor Bureau, Observer at the Washington Conference, and Economic Advisor to the Chinese Delegation. Dr. Hsieh has been spoken of as the "Teddy Roosevelt" of China, and those who are acquainted with the great President's rapid-fire style of speaking will readily acknowledge the justice of the characterization. The eloquent scholar from China makes vivid his story by a keen mimicry and the gifts of an actor. He ridiculed the idea of a "yellow peril" and any danger to the friendship between the Republic of China and the Republic of the United States. He graphically portrayed the association of these two mighty peoples as the guarantee of the peace of the Pacific and the progress of the Oriental world. When the four hundred eighty-five millions of China are thoroughly trained in American ideals and genuinely stirred by the American spirit the greatest dreams can not measure the achievements of that far-off land.

The next meeting of the Club will be held in November.

* *

MR. CARY AT MURRAY GROVE

The resident pastor at Murray Grove has much to do with the comfort, pleasure and profit of every guest. The trustees of the Association have been fortunate in securing for the coming summer the services of Rev. H. M. Cary, of Little Falls, New York, a gentleman whose ability and experience exactly fit him for the duties of the position. He will be accompanied by his wife and family, enthusiasts for good times and good religion. The season will last from July 14 to Sept. 4. Reservations may be made by addressing Mr. Cary at Little Falls.

* *

REV. G. L. FORTNEY

Rev. Granville Levi Fortney, son of Dr. Jacob H. Fortney and Amy (Shinn) Fortney, was born at Shinnston, W. Va., May 12, 1842, and passed into the higher life from his home at Wyatt, W. Va., March 7, 1923, aged nearly eighty-one years.

He was a member of a large family, including two step-brothers, Albert I. and Rev. Q. H. Shinn, D. D., and several half-brothers and sisters, of whom only Rev. L. F. Fortney of Plainfield, Vt., Austin Quinby Fortney of Sturm's Mills, W. Va., Columbia E. Cunningham and Florence Augusta Wyatt of West Virginia, survive.

Amy Shinn, mother of Mr. Fortney, was a daughter of the venerable Rev. Levi Shinn, and niece of the Rev. Asa Shinn, who, in his earlier years was a Methodist minister, but later became a Universalist and voiced his new-born faith in a book that he published, entitled "The Final Restoration of Mamkind."

Revs. Asa and Levi Shinn were of the six pioneer Shinn families who gave the now city of Shinnston its original name—"Shinn Town." Hence, it will be observed that Granville L. Fortney was related on his mother's side to a ministerial family of a strong Universalist trend more than a century ago, while his father, Dr. Fortney, was well versed in the scriptures, a strong reasoner, and more than a match in debate for any minister of the partialist faith of his day. It was only natural, therefore, that Mr. Fortney, by inheritance of a strongly theological trend from both his father and mother, had an impelling desire to preach. But at the time when he should have been studying for the ministry he, with the more than 32,000 Union soldiers from the loyal counties of West Virginia, answered President Lincoln's call to defend their country. Having served in Co. E, Third West Virginia Volunteer Infantry, until the war was over, he married in October, 1866, Rosa, daughter of James and Salley (Holbert) Tetrick, and there were born to them three sons and two daughters, of whom only one daughter with the mother survives.

For several years Mrs. Fortney preached as opportunity offered in his home state, afterwards taking a partial course in the Canton Theological School, and accepted pastorates in Ohio until sickness in his family caused him to give up regular work. However, he did not wholly give up preaching until well advanced in years. Although but a step-brother of the late Dr. Shinn he could not have loved an own brother more.

L. F. F.

* *

Notices

NOTICE

Announcement is hereby made of the change of the time of holding the Pennsylvania State Convention from June to September. In accordance with this change the next session of the Convention will be held in Reading, Sept. 25, 26 and 27.

H. A. Benton, Secretary.

* *

OLD COLONY ASSOCIATION

The Old Colony Association of Universalists will meet at Hingham, Mass., Wednesday, April 25. The following program has been prepared:

10.45 a. m. Devotions, led by Rev. C. E. Butterworth, Brockton. Sermon, Rev. Ezra A. Hoyt, Hingham. Address, Rev. W. P. Farnsworth, Stoughton.

12.30. Dinner.

1.30 p. m. Business. Reports from parishes. Address, Rev. L. W. Coons, D. D., State Superintendent.

The Hingham parish expects, and will welcome, a large delegation from each parish in the Association.

* *

GENERAL CONVENTION TRUSTEES

The next meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention will be held at the Hotel Commodore, New York City, May 7 and 8, 1923. All matters to be presented to the Board should be in the hand of the Secretary not later than May 1.

Roger F. Etz, Secretary,
176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

* *

NOTICE

The church at Atlanta, Georgia, has fifty copies of "Amore Dei" in fair condition, which will be gladly given to any church able to make use of them. Address Rev. Ernest J. Bowden, 303 West Peachtree St., Atlanta.

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Six of Women Victims Cremated in Their Beds, Lodge and Wadsworth Favoring it.—May Go in Further, Is Belief.

—*Headlines in the Evening Mail (New York.)*

* *

Mrs. Johnsing: Ah thought you-all said you was gwine to name your new baby "Victrola," but Ah hears you-all done make a change.

Mrs. Moses: Yas, Ah expected it would be a girl an' Ah had decided to name her "Victrola," but she turned out to be a boy, so Ah done name him "Radio."—*Exchange.*

* *

First Englishman: "Charley, did you hear that joke about the Egyptian guide who showed some tourists two skulls of Cleopatra—one as a girl and one as a woman?"

Second Ditto: "No; let's hear it."—*Gargoyle.*

* *

An Arkansas woman has cremated her third husband. It seems unfair that some should be old maids while others have husbands to burn.—*Orange (Texas) Leader.*

* *

If LaFollette could make good on his prediction of dollar gasoline, the pedestrian vote would sweep him into the White House.—*New York Times.*

* *

No labor leader should dine with a king who notoriously works more than eight hours a day.—*Wall Street Journal.*

* *

Lawyer: "Now that we have won, will you tell me confidentially if you stole the money?"

Client: "Well, after hearing you talk in court yesterday, I am beginning to think I didn't."—*Melbourne Punch.*

* *

Harvard Graduate: "The members of my class who have married have had an average of a little less than two children."

Vassar Graduate: "Isn't that remarkable? The married women of my class have averaged almost three. I wonder what that proves?"

Harvard Graduate: "Oh, not much. Simply that women have more children than men."—*Life.*

* *

Brown was making a visit to a girl who lived in the country, and they were walking through the fields when they noticed a cow and a calf rubbing noses in bovine love. He spoke up: "The sight of that makes me want to do the same thing."

"Go ahead," she replied, "it's father's cow."—*Ghost.*

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